MAC

SICK

MAY
No. 67

35¢

APRIL FOOL ISSUE



America's new Court Jester
as seen by TV gagmen

SPIRO AGNEW JOKES

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

An April Fool Think-Game



HERE'S WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE:

1. The golf flag says 18, and there are more holes up there than that! At least 19 or twenty—
2. He's riding high, but not THIS high!
3. They don't have ice cream cones on the moon. Pizzas maybe, but not ice cream.
4. This isn't where he's going . . .
5. Dinosaurs don't smoke cigars. The way they died out, they must have been cigarette smokers.
6. Wings are backwards, so bird is flying in wrong direction. Also, there are no portholes in birds. What's inside is not in the mood for looking out.
7. No lava is coming out of the volcano, and, anyway, who ever saw a volcano in a dinosaur? Who ever saw a dinosaur for that matter?
8. Cavemen did not look this primitive.
9. Faucet is dripping.
10. They didn't have addresses in those days. They didn't need them, mail delivery was as lousy then as it is now.
11. Rifles weren't invented (See that bird still flying??).
12. Roaches would have been inside the cave because there wasn't any DDT to scare them.
13. Birds don't try to hatch basketballs You can't hatch a basketball, just as sometimes you can't hatch a good idea (which is why this got drawn).
14. He is **getting** the bird, not chasing it.
15. Fellow inside is holding a lollipop, which is incorrect, because scientists say cavemen had perfect teeth.
16. Tyrannosaurus Rex did not smoke a pipe, it was a confirmed chain-smoker, and that's why it died out (What do you mean, how do we know? We know EVERYTHING! We'll tell you what you're doing right now—You're reading this and trying not to throw up!).
17. Everybody knows Hitler's in South America!
18. Sailboats came much later. Cavemen had dugouts.
19. Glasses were not invented then, and this guy wasn't either. He came long before the caveman era . . .
20. Trash baskets were not used. The whole world was a trash basket!
21. Money was unknown. Like it is with US, most of the time.
22. Smog was not being manufactured back in those days—Other things killed people then.
23. Snoopy would have been eaten, and he wouldn't be there anyway because there's a liquor bottle
24. behind him and comic characters are not allowed near THAT!
25. Race horses were not known to cavemen. There was no money to bet.
26. Cavewomen didn't need curlers. One look at their neighbors was enough to curl their hair!
27. No clocks. Clocks came into being when man was advanced enough to RUSH!
28. No doorbells were used. They weren't needed: who wanted to visit? Conversation was just, "Ugh!" "Ugh, ugh!" (like in our office).
29. Peanuts were not manufactured then.
30. The U.S. government did not inspect pork in those days. Only romantic pigs inspected pigs . . .
31. Umbrellas didn't leak because there were no umbrellas.
32. Hubie does not live in a cave. He is in the doghouse.
33. The "S" in testing is correct. All the other letters are backwards.
34. Rabbits did not have long hairy tails. Long hair was all used up by people.
35. Flowers did not grow out of a duck's tail, and ducks did not wear necklaces. In fact, there weren't any ducks.
36. Golden eggs were laid by GEESE, and they were 14 carat, not 13 carat! (Don't ask us how we know—We just **know**).
37. There were no drainpipes, and if there had been, they wouldn't have been working because there were no plumbers.

No. 67

SICK

Volume 9, Number 3
May, 1969



MOVIE and TV
FAN MAGAZINES



ENSICKLOPEDIA



SUMMER CAMPERS



THE COVER: In this painting by Bruce Stark, Spiro Agnew's entire personality is graphically shown. He's the only man in America who, on color television, still looks black-and-white!

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Please tell Philip Mayson and everybody else that Sick Mag. did not bring the Hippies alive. We already knew about hippies and their movement from television and newspapers. Now, about ruining our generation, that is not true . . . The only ones who are ruining our generation are the old folks. They are downing all kids with long hair and who are for Peace, Love and who belong to groups like S.D.S. Some of the hippies are better than kids who aren't hippies. The hippies are trying to better our generation. I am not a hippie but am a member of the S.D.S. They are for Peace, and equal rights. Your magazine should give the S.D.S. and others like it more attention in your magazine. I can write about them and also have other people to help me. The people who said that the hippies are bad and are ruining our generation are wrong. They are the ones themselves who are ruining our generation!

Tom Hauser
1837 N. Morgan
Decater, Illinois

Ed: Sick is the hippies' bible.

Pertaining to your December issue, I just want to say that this was one of your greatest issues ever! Why? "Night School for Dropouts?" No. "School for Rioters?" No. "Classic College Stories?" No. None of these. Except for your 12 page article on "Better Homes and Ghettos," all was average. But this was marvelous! You've just got to do more articles like this . . . the same way! What I mean is . . . make it start at the back of the book and continue toward the front of the book! This is a unique experience! By the way, who writes the nutty captions on those candid photos in your mag.?

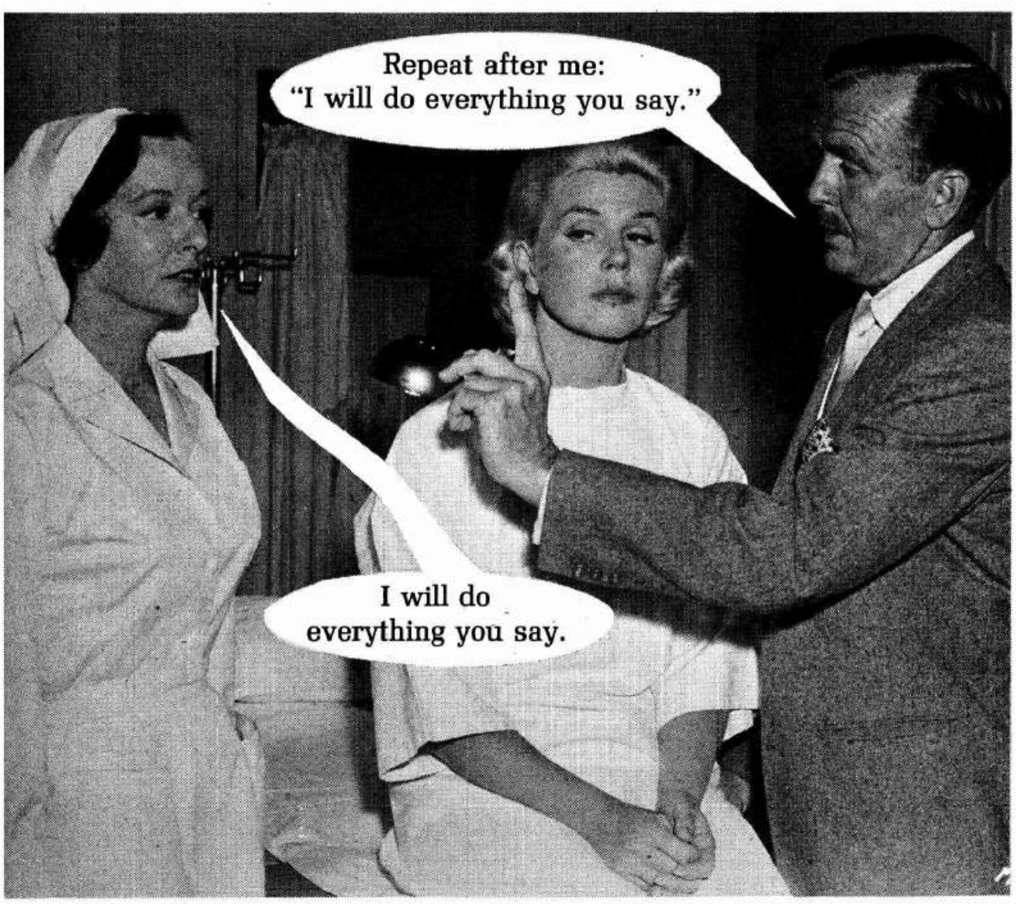
Dan Wilder
Jupiter, Fla.

Ed: A bunch of nuts!

I love satire, you really give me my share but keep it up as sometimes you disappoint me. I'm only a high school grad, but my I.Q. is 131. Yes, 131! You will hear from me again. Remember!

Tony Falvey, "The Kid"
Worcester, Mass.

Ed: We forgot already.



I really am sick. Even though I enjoy reading your magazine I think your December issue was the sickest of them all. The sickest part of the magazine was Night School for Dropouts. Really, I think Night School for Dropouts is a good idea, even thought I'm not a dropout. "Sick" made me so sick that from now on I'm going to buy your magazine. My friends all read "Sick." I think it's the greatest! I wonder what would really happen if people read "Sick" before a test?

Thomas Benedetto
Wakefield, Mass.

Ed: They'd wind up in Night School.

I sure enjoyed your "Sick Book of Fairy Tales." I thought it was a really good bunch of trash. And I'd like to pat you on the back for giving your "Ninth Annual Sick Award," to Mad Magazine.

Craig DeLoy
Myrtle Street N.W.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Ed: Mad? We never heard of them!

I got my first Sick Magazine a few days ago, and I like it better than any other magazine. The issue I got was 63. If you could, please send me these Sick Magazines: 58, 54, and 57. Send me the bill, and also some information about Sick Magazine.

Chuck McFall

Ed: You forgot to send an address, Chuck.

I am very much impressed with the wit and talent of the sickest mag. going. I've tried and often succeeded in getting copies regularly. In the recent issue (Dec. '68) I'm afraid I'm not quite as pleased about one of the topics you chose to write about. This was the poverty article. The wit and satire was great but the topic was chosen in bad taste. Poverty is a topic that I'm very much concerned about. It is a part of our society that needs attention, not satirization. If anyone feels different, or feels the way I do, please reply and state your views. A great job otherwise, guys, and keep up the good work! Just one thing though, be a little more selective on topics.

Bob Thomas
616 High St.
Bath, Maine 04530

Ed: Next issue we'll do one on religion.

I absolutely hate your magazine. It is stupid rather than funny, but I keep buying it. I seem to be under the mistaken impression that some day it will improve. I have decided that instead of wasting my money I will read it at the newsstand.

Judy Kramer
Fond du Lac, Wisc.

Ed: Smart move, Judy. It's not going to improve.

I have a rather unusual problem that you might help me with. I am a service man and in one of your editions a young girl was asking for someone to write to and I wrote to her but was transferred and I forgot her address. All I can remember is her first name (Adrianne), and that she lives on 76th Street in New York. I would appreciate help in finding her so that I can continue exchanging letters with her.

PFC Gene Kollar
SSCo. Permanent Person
MCSSS, Camp Lejeune
North Carolina 28542

Ed: We don't know her.

First I would like to thank you for publicizing my ad in your magazine while I was in the Service and stationed in Viet Nam. I'm very happy to say I'm home from Nam and also finished with the Service too. Your mag. brought many a smile and chuckle to us servicemen. Helped me at least to survive the ugliness of war. Just keep up the good work and especially the Penpals (for servicemen) section.

Phil Patnou
5135 W. Grace St.
Chicago, Illinois

Ed: We'll do that next issue, Phil.

Looking through one of your issues, I noticed an ad placed by some Army Spec. 4, asking the public for handouts. Well anyway, when I saw that I figured if the Army could make a request like that, there should be no reason why you should refuse our little request. Presently we are attached to a Construction Battalion in Viet Nam and would like to get letters from single, unattached girls. Now since the Navy is better than the Army I don't see how you can possibly refuse the request.

SK-3 Ronnie Roncka
CO-H-5-4
USN-MCB-10
F.P.O. San Francisco 96601

Ed: You're going to hear it from the Army.

Your March issue, Number 66, was great for 2 reasons! One, the cover! Joe, that was terrific! You're the only editor I know of who can draw like a pro! The second reason was "The High School Yearbook For Now, Baby!" Paul Laikin is *by far* your greatest writer! Every sentence in his articles makes me burst out laughing. Well, toodle-loo.

Dan Wilder
Ridgewood Circle
Jupiter, Fla.

Ed: Toodle-loo, Dan.



What's wrong with the youth of America? They don't speak the same language as the youth of yesterday, that's what. It's the communication gap that widens the generation gap. The meaning—the interpretation of everyday words can make all the difference in understanding, and so, for our older reader, we offer another in our series which, when finally completed, will make up **THE NEW SICK DICTIONARY...**

Paste This in Your FUNK & WAGNALL

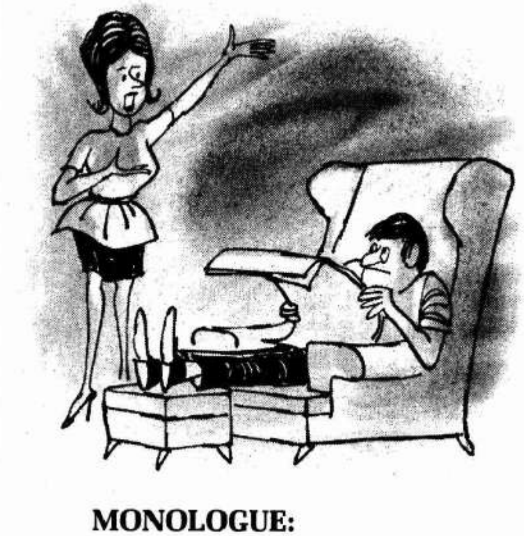
Art by Al Kaufman



ARCHITECT:
One who covers his mistakes with ivy.



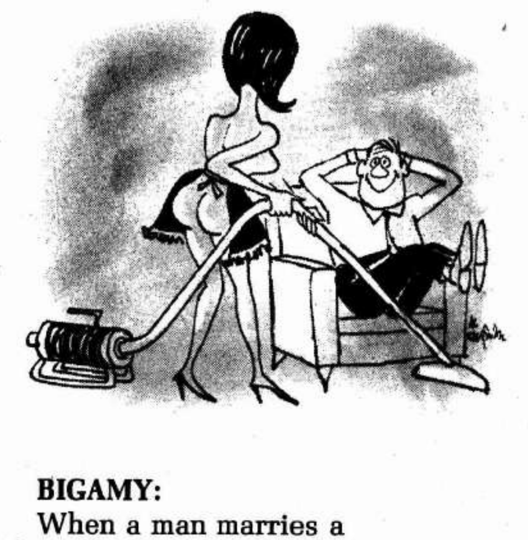
ENGAGEMENT:
In war, a battle. In love, the calm that precedes the real hostilities.



MONOLOGUE:
A conversation between husband and wife.



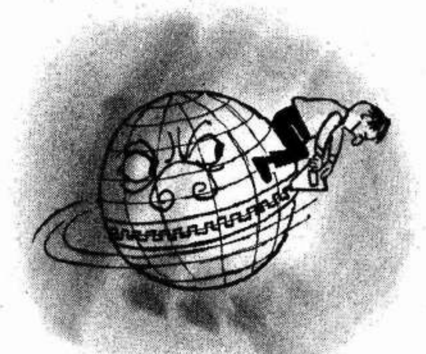
TIPS:
Wages we pay to other people's hired help.



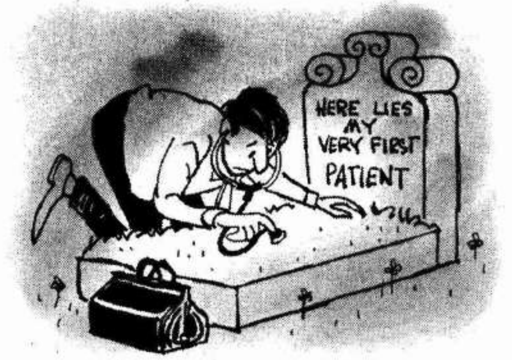
BIGAMY:
When a man marries a beautiful girl and a good housekeeper.



BRIDE:
One who covers her mistakes with mayonnaise.



CENSORS:
People who inhibit the earth.



DOCTOR:
One who covers his mistakes with sod.



BAR:
A place that has no steady customers.



GROSS IGNORANCE:
144 times worse than ordinary ignorance.



DIPLOMACY:
The art of saying "nice doggie" until you can find a rock.



BARBER:
A butcher who sometimes cuts hair.



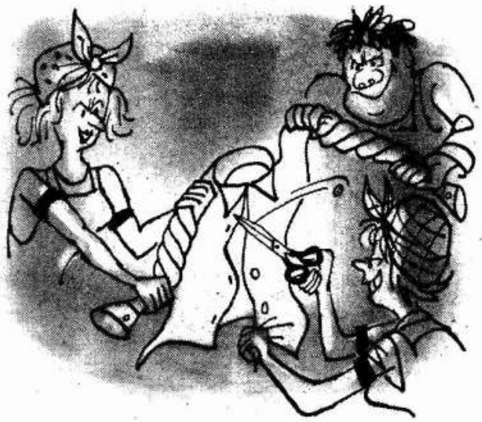
TREE:
An object that stays in place for ages but suddenly jumps in front of a woman driver.



DREAMS:
What some people believe in until they marry one.



MODERN AGE:
When girls wear less on the streets than their grandmothers did in bed.



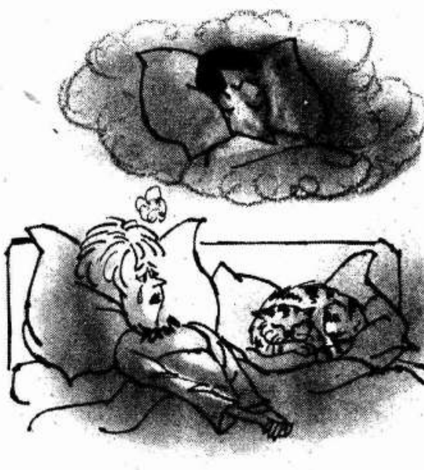
LAUNDRY:
A place where clothes are mangled.



GENTLEMAN:
A man you don't know very well.



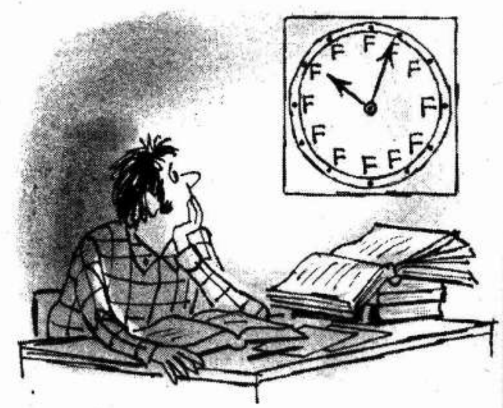
HONEYMOON:
The period between "I do" and "You'd better."



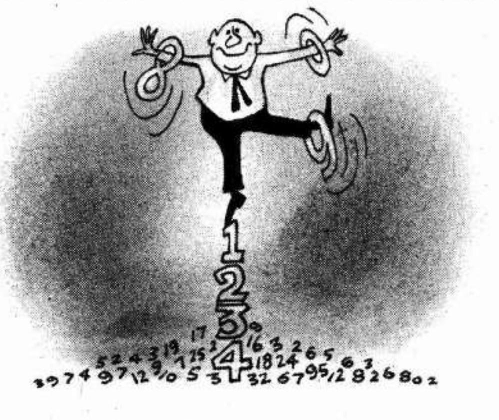
OLD MAID:
One who regrets that she had so much sense when she was younger.



OPTIMIST:
A ninety year old man who marries a nineteen-year-old girl and starts looking for a nice home near a school.



CLOCKWATCHER:
A student who knows that time will pass but he won't.



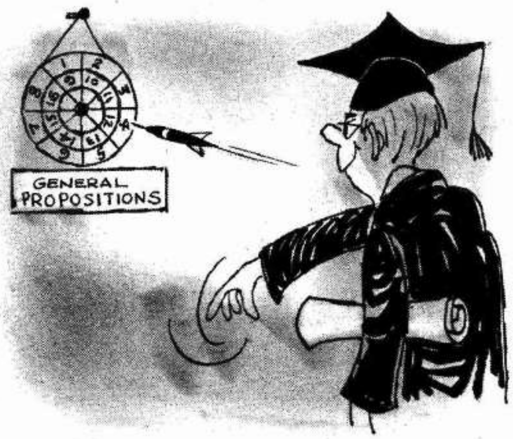
STATISTICS:
That which can be used to support anything—especially statisticians.



SLACK:
What is missing in a girl's slacks.



PANHANDLER:
A nurse.



THEORY:
A wild guess with a college education.



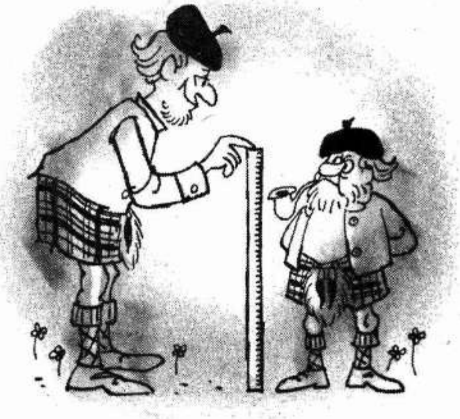
ONE-HORSE TOWN:
A place where all the lights on Main Street dim when you plug in your electric razor.



SPADE:
What you call a spade until you hit your foot with one.



PARASITE:
A guy who goes through the revolving door on your push.



SCOTLAND YARD:
Three feet, same as anywhere else.

How many times have you been at a loss for words at a given situation and then thought up a great answer later? Actually, there's no reason to lose such an opportunity. To be a noted wit, all you have to do is memorize these—

SNaPPY COMEBACKS

AT SCHOOL...



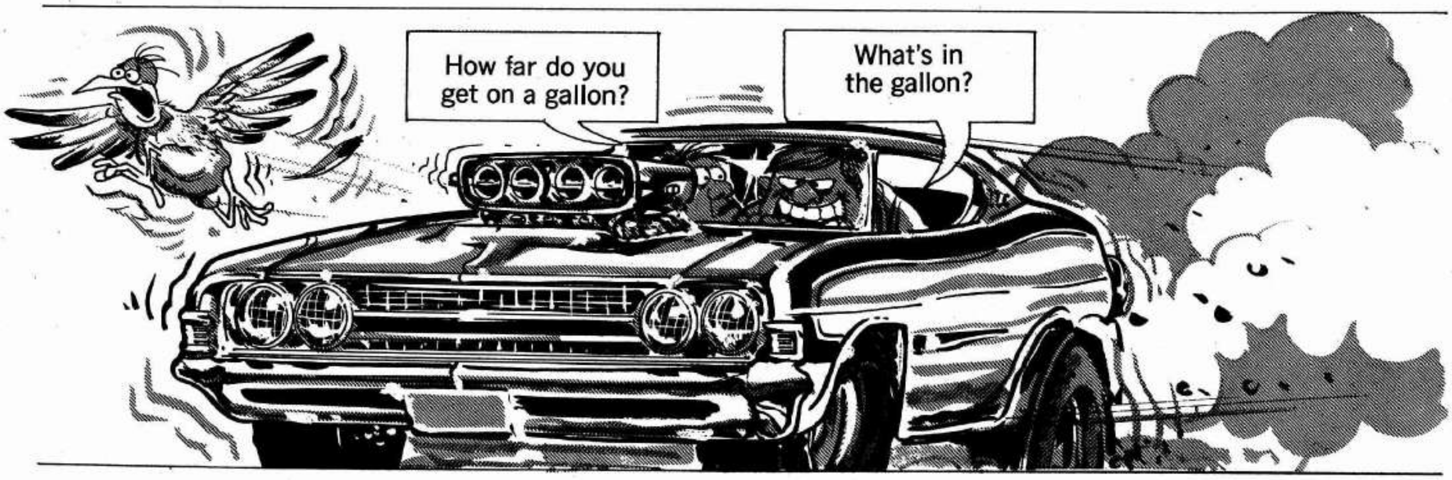
ON A DATE . . .


I feel safe when there's a man around.
Believe me, baby, you are!
I said may I kiss you! Are you deaf?
Are you paralyzed?
I'll be home tomorrow night.
So will I.
Would you say this fits me like a glove?
Yes, a boxing glove.
May I have the last dance?
You just did.
That couple we doubledated with seems to be very devoted. He kisses her every time they meet. Why don't you?
I don't know her well enough.
What would I have to give you to get one little kiss?
Chloroform!
Why don't you come in and have a bite before you go home?
Naw, you can bite me out here.

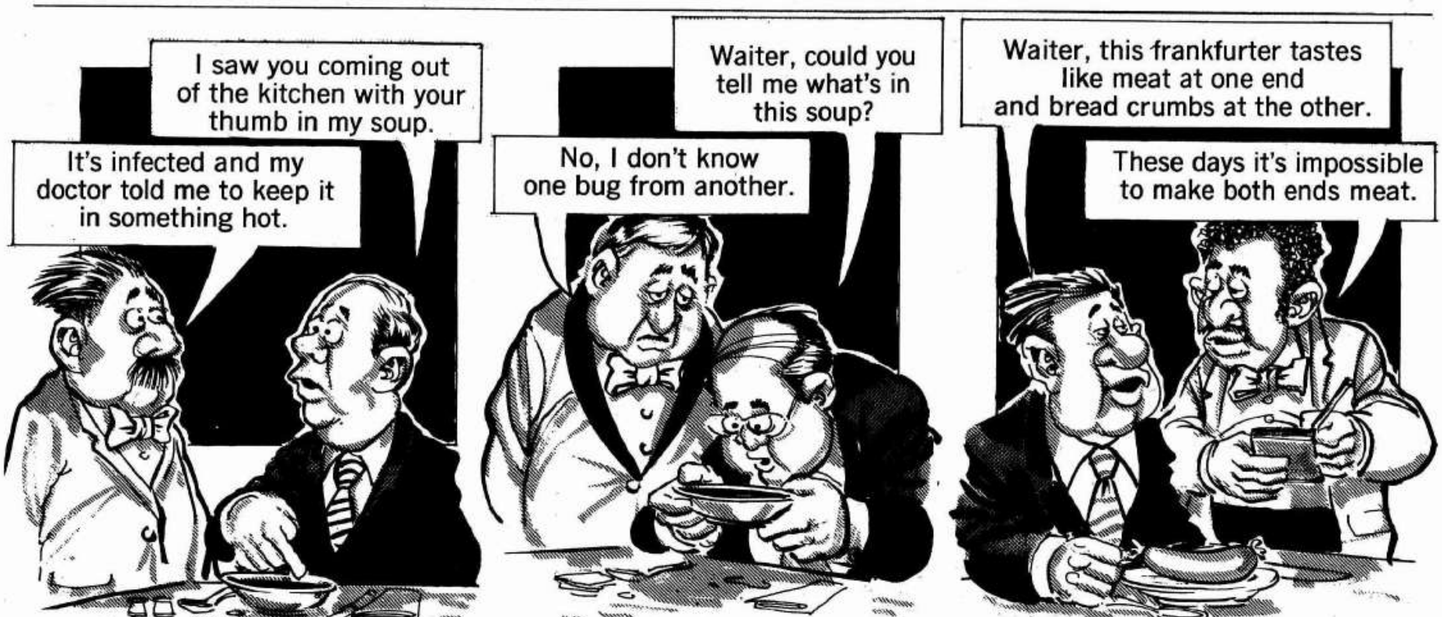
IN THE BARBER SHOP . . .



ON THE ROAD . . .



IN A RESTAURANT . . .



Art by Don Orehek Script by Bob Heit

The SICK Research Institute has just completed an investigation into the accuracy of those old sayings you've been hearing all your life. The results have been shocking! In the public interest we are exposing them for what they really are... LIES, ALL LIES!!!

WISE OLD PROVERBS ARE NO LONGER WISE



THE QUICKEST WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH?

A team of surgeons, working under the direction of Dr. S.S. Schmeer, fell for this saying. Attempting to transplant a heart they made such a mess that by the time they were through they also had to transplant the patient's stomach.



MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL?

To test the truth of this evil old saying, our researcher spent 3 hours on a street corner handing out dimes. He did not spot a single example of evil!!!

However, as soon as he ran out of dimes he was stomped on.



THERE'S A FOOL BORN EVERY MINUTE?

A nationwide survey of hospitals has disclosed that there are 2 fools born every minute!



TRAVEL BROADENS THE MIND?

Our researchers were sent on a two hour tour of Brooklyn and returned just as stupid as ever!



INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL?
Dr. M. Ooglesnert, of Sumsuch, Idaho, spent his entire lifetime disproving this theory. He was caught in cyclones, tornadoes, sand-storms, earth-quakes, and blizzards, but was never caught in the rain!



A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE?
To test the truth of this one we had one of our researchers knit for 48 hours.

He carefully took every stitch in time. In 2,853 instances he saved 7. In 5,739 instances he saved 8. And in 8,973 instances he saved 10.

There was not one single case of a stitch in time saving 9!!!



THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM?
To test this one we had an investigator get up at 6:00 A.M. to wake up an eagle. The eagle did not catch a single worm!!

Unfortunately, it **did** catch our investigator who has not been heard from since.



ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JACK A DULL BOY?

Jack Mafiafo, paid killer, had no time for play. But the FBI, the police, and 23 murdered men found him to be anything BUT dull!



ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER?

Abe Blugle, of Secaucus, New Jersey, has not seen his mother-in-law for 14 years. But he hates her as much as ever!



THE BEST THINGS COME IN SMALL PACKAGES?

Edward J. Windward, of Hopes End, Arizona, received a tiny package in the mail. It was a time-bomb that had been made in Japan.



YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER BUT YOU CANNOT MAKE IT DRINK?

SICK researchers have learned that he WILL drink if, on the way to the water, you feed him potato chips.



NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS?

Shifty Murk, convicted slayer of 7 friends, was about to be electrocuted. He waited for news of a pardon from the governor. But he received no news. And no news WAS NOT good news!



THERE'S SAFETY IN NUMBERS?

Butch Clinker, who has been in the numbers racket for 17 years, has been arrested 87 times, suffered 68 black eyes, and been punched in the nose 1,982 times!



EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING?
The clouds over Los Angeles have grey linings. Smog.



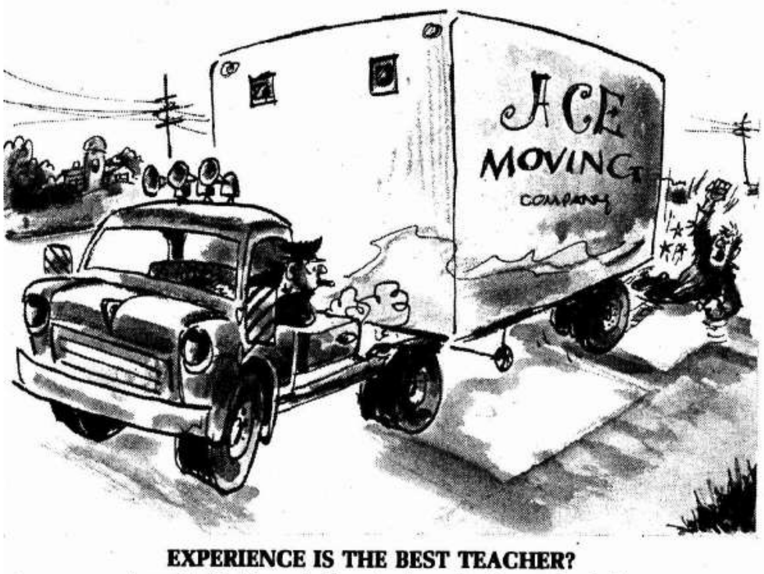
BETTER LATE THAN NEVER?
Mack Glump, of Drawlburgville, Mississippi, arrived late at a lynching. But they hung him, anyway.



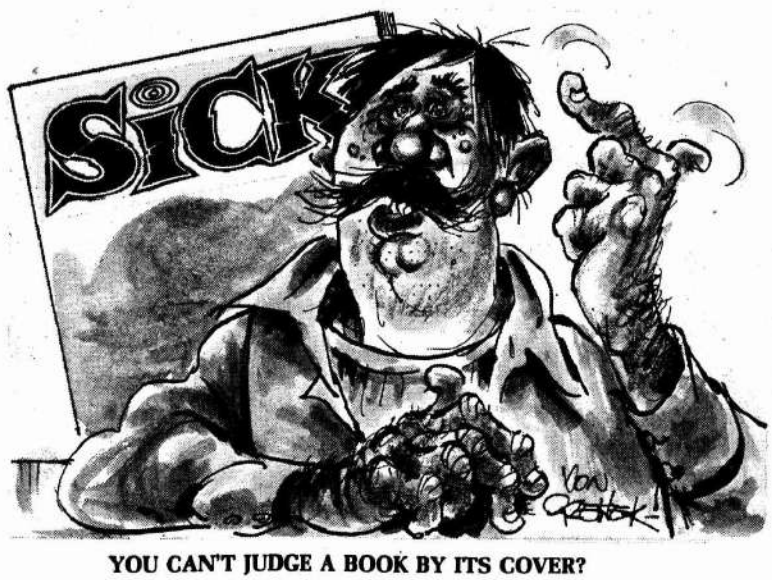
A FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED?
Try borrowing a buck from one of our writers!



NO MAN IS AN ISLAND?
Jackie Gleason is fond of floating in the Atlantic Ocean!



EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER?
Arnold Heffle, of Slurpington, Indiana, had the experience of being run over by a trailer truck. This experience was **not** the best teacher.



YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER?
Oh, no?? Just by looking at the cover of this magazine you should have known that there would be ridiculous articles like this inside!!!

MOVIE REVIEW: Barbarella

by Bill Majeski

This was the film that was advertised with the come-on—**"Watch Jane Fonda do her thing."**

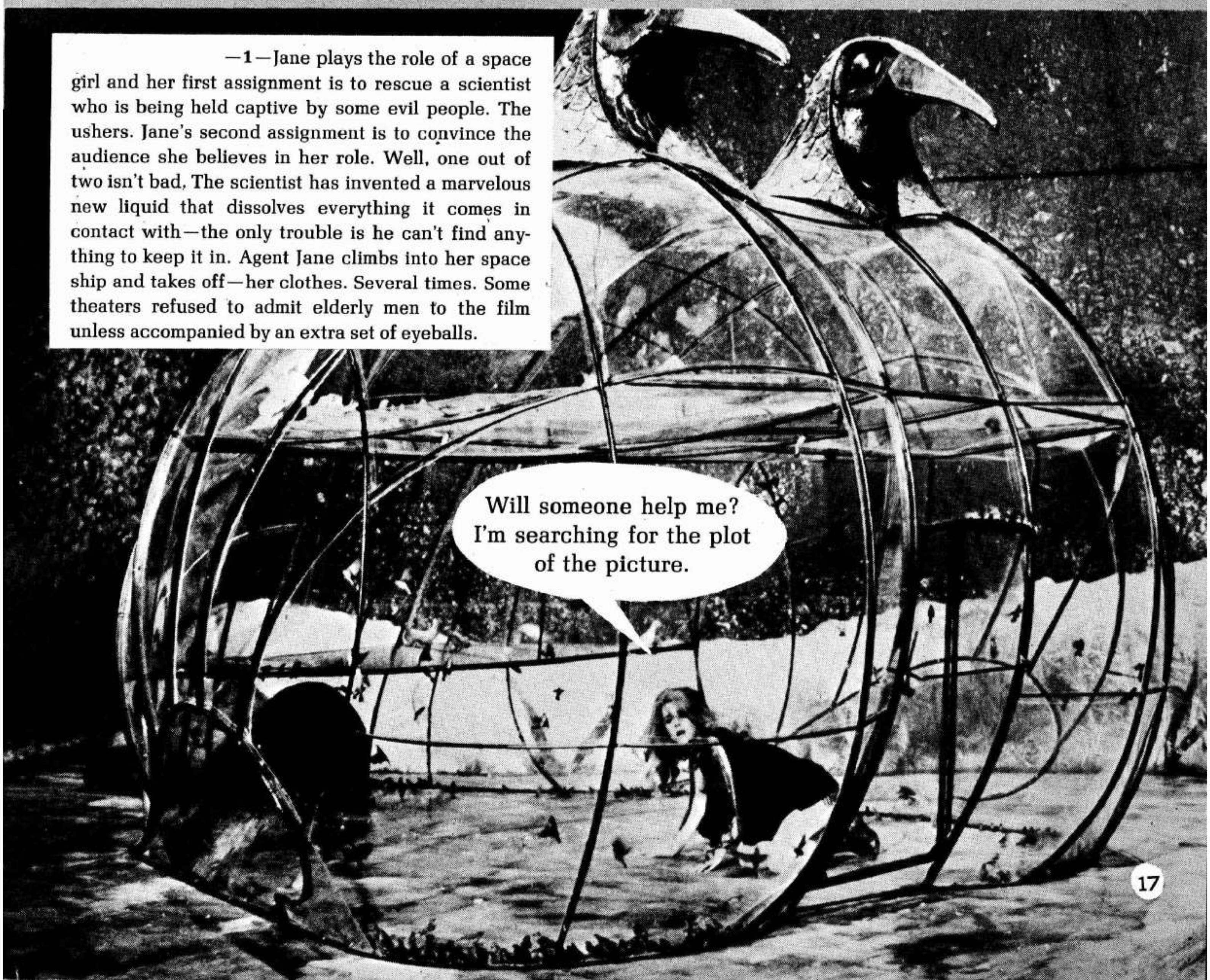
Well, those who saw it aren't sure yet just what Jane Fonda's "thing" is that she was supposed to do. Is it walking around with eyes and lips opened wide? Is it doffing garments right and left? Or is it by chance acting? No one knows. And Jane's not telling.

Her hubby, Roger Vadim, directed her in this so he's probably in on the secret. But he's not telling either. It's probably wise to chalk up the film as a domestic problem and let them make up for it in some later film.

Dini De Laurentis produced the film based on a comic strip for adults, written, it is rumored, by children.

It is done in Technicolor and Panavision. As one critic said when integrity demanded he put the rap on lovely Miss Fonda's acting, "how do you Pan-a-vision?"

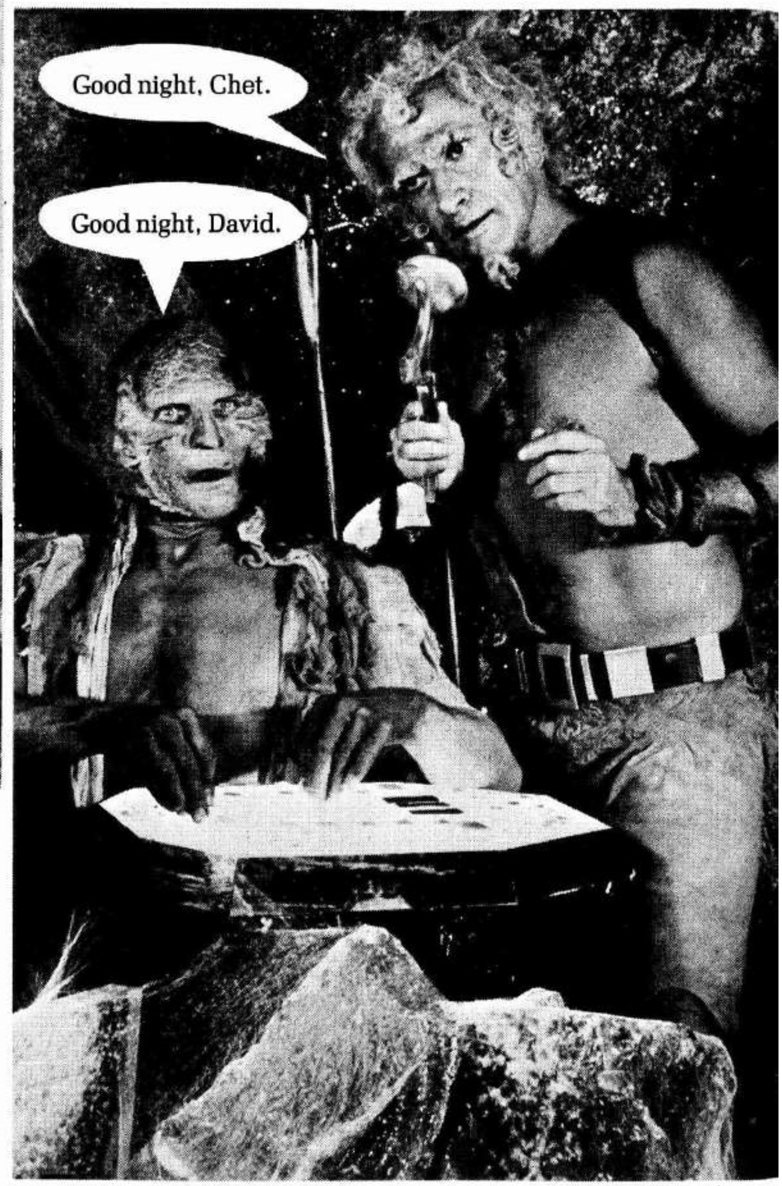
Running time of film: 1 hour, 38 minutes. Time film will remain in your memory: 38 seconds.



—1—Jane plays the role of a space girl and her first assignment is to rescue a scientist who is being held captive by some evil people. The ushers. Jane's second assignment is to convince the audience she believes in her role. Well, one out of two isn't bad, The scientist has invented a marvelous new liquid that dissolves everything it comes in contact with—the only trouble is he can't find anything to keep it in. Agent Jane climbs into her space ship and takes off—her clothes. Several times. Some theaters refused to admit elderly men to the film unless accompanied by an extra set of eyeballs.



2—On her journey, Jane in her spaceship encounters hardships. The spaceships hit the hardships and Jane strikes up numerous friendships. It's beginning to sound like a War at Sea epic, especially with Jane's navel maneuvers, but that's another story. And a better one. Jane is captured by a gang of the meanest kids you've ever seen. They sharpen up the picture considerably especially when they all get together and bite Jane's arteries, veins and capillaries. It's pretty gory. But rather sweet. In fact, it's about the sweetest gory ever told. The kids wouldn't have been in the picture at all except that their teachers went on strike and they were out of school. After watching the film, the audience went on strike.



3—Jane's jaunt takes her to the wildest places photographed since the documentary done at a New York discotheque. It's a big Haight-Asbury in the sky. She tries to find the enemy's secret hideaway, but it was Sunday and all the secret hideaways were closed. So she waits until Monday, but Monday is wash day and so she washes all her clothes. This takes 24 seconds. And it is about the cleanest 24 seconds in the film. She would have washed her clothes even quicker, but her agitator gear was out of order.



4—As the effluvium rises and a gentle wave of ennui settles upon the audience, Jane wends her way through a series of misadventures. She is given a helping hand (it's an uncensored film) by David Hemmings (pronounced Hemmings) and also by Ugo Tognazzi (pronounced with great difficulty) as she tracks down the missing scientist. Lots of people took this wild trip with Jane. Think of the money they saved on LSD.

5—In the scenes like the above which abound in nudity, viewers see more nakedness than at a Fat Lady's Night in a Turkish bath. One nude woman backed into a hot bucket and was depicted as being a "flesh in the pan." While exploring the labrynthine passages of the underground caves, Jane meets a blind fellow with wings. Jane is startled. "I'm sorry," she mouths, "it's just that you're the first blind fellow with wings I've seen all day." The sightless fellow has lost his nerve and he can't fly any more. You know how it is. But he spends a few magic, romantic moments with Jane (called Swinging Therapy) and man, that cat is soon flying again.



6—And now, direct from the Space Cave, just 15 minutes from the heart of downtown Mars, at the console of his Hammond Electric Passion Plunger and Rhapsoy Machine, we bring you Milo O'Shea as the Concierge. Milo is torturing Jane in his own unique way. He likes to torture. People who torture are called sadists. People who enjoy being tortured are called masochists. Barbarella's audiences are comprised of masochists. O'Shea is very mean. He's the type of guy who would give a hotfoot to Smokey the Bear. The scene ends happily though, because Jane removes her garments, stands up and sings, "O'Shea can you see?"





7—Jane adopts her battle position for the final showdown. This is known as the lateral ventral crouch and is very effective when being attacked by giant madmen. However, Jane was being assaulted by tiny ants who snuck up behind her. She took out her ray gun and shot every ant named Ray. Later, in a hand-to-hand battle, she shot her chief tormentor at close range and sent the powder burns to her boy friend as a birthday present.



8—Mission accomplished. Jane is given the Venus Legion of Near-Nudity Award and 27 guys are injured trying to pin the medal on her. This final scene won an award for Great Acting by a Promising Female Performer. The statue at the right got the award. Although the plot is satisfactorily resolved for those who demand little, a mystery still remains—just what is Barbarella's thing? And no coaching from the audience.

Coming up out of Texas and on to your t.v. screens again this season is the newest threat to Perry Mason's old standing as one-man Supreme Court—"Dudd" is the defender of the poor, the downtrodden and the underprivileged—who can afford his $100,000 fee. To earn this fee, he uses his tremendous knowledge of the law, in-depth investigative research, a masterful court-room style—and a secret file on the motel activities of the presiding judge!

Art by Bill Robinson

Script by
Fred Wolfe

DUDD For the Expense






The State against Shifty the Rat. The charge is murder, kidnapping, armed robbery and double-parking. Rodney Railroad is the prosecutor, and in this time slot: Dudd! For The Defense!
Dudd, wearing a mere five-gallon hat (he drank the other five) enters the court-room holding his briefs.
Rotten laundry! They always lose the buttons!
Here comes the dud! Here comes the dud!
Stupid t.v. critics! Your honor, I want to declare an immediate mis-trial, dismiss the jury and empty the court-room at once!
You mean you have new evidence?
No, I've got to go to the men's room!
Your honor, this is obviously a delaying tactic on the part of the defense counsel. For, obviously, his client has no defense. In fact, he is absolutely defenseless!
Wrong! I just gave my client a carton of Right Guard!
Get on with it, Mr. Dudd. You're trying the court's nerves.
I'll try anything for a buck! Your honor, I'll let the prosecutor present his first witness, and make a fool of himself! Then, it'll be my turn!


Madam, will you please take the stand?
Why? Are you looking to get rid of it?
Now, madam, in your own words—you remember, the ones we rehearsed all afternoon?—tell the jury exactly what you know about the defendant, Shifty the Rat.
From the first moment I came into contact with Shifty, he has been a liar, a cheat, a thief, a murderer, a bully, and an all-around fink!
I object, your honor!
On what grounds?
On the grounds that her testimony is making my client lose his case—and my fee! Besides, what does she know about my client's character? What makes her such an authority?
She's his mother!
I appeal to the jury to disregard this testimony! —or they'll lose their award for good judgment!
What award is that?
It's a tribute to the jury in the form of a solid gold watch with the inscription: "To the jury that freed Shifty the Rat!"
ZZZzz!
That's bribery, your honor!
Not if he's got a watch for me, it isn't!



I'd like to present my star witness, Miss Fifi La Tour!
Miss La Tour is my character witness. Tell the court, Miss La Tour, what is your occupation?—No, not the real one—the one **we** rehearsed!
I'm a 'den-mother' for a cub scout troop.
Where is her recruiting-booth!!
Please, your honor, Miss La Tour is taking enlistments at the 'acquital party' for my client. That goes for the jury, too! Now, Miss La Tour, tell the court what you and Shifty the Rat were doing at the time the **persecutor,** er, I mean the prosecutor says he was committing the heinous crime they're trying to pin on him.
Shifty, and by the way, they call him Shifty because he's quick to do good for others... Well, Shifty and I were giving a Christmas party for poor
underprivileged orphans. We spent the entire evening loading their patched-up little stockings with all the goodies that Shifty could afford.

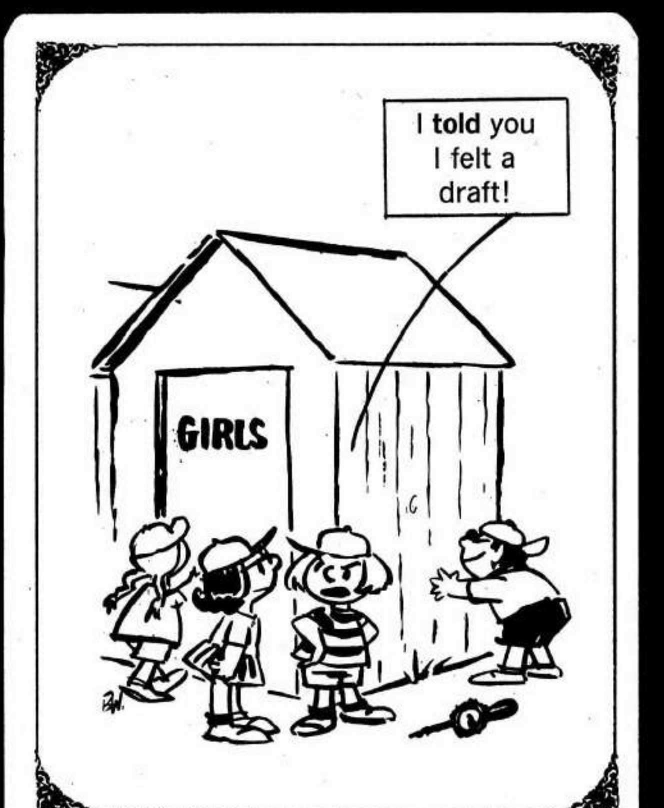


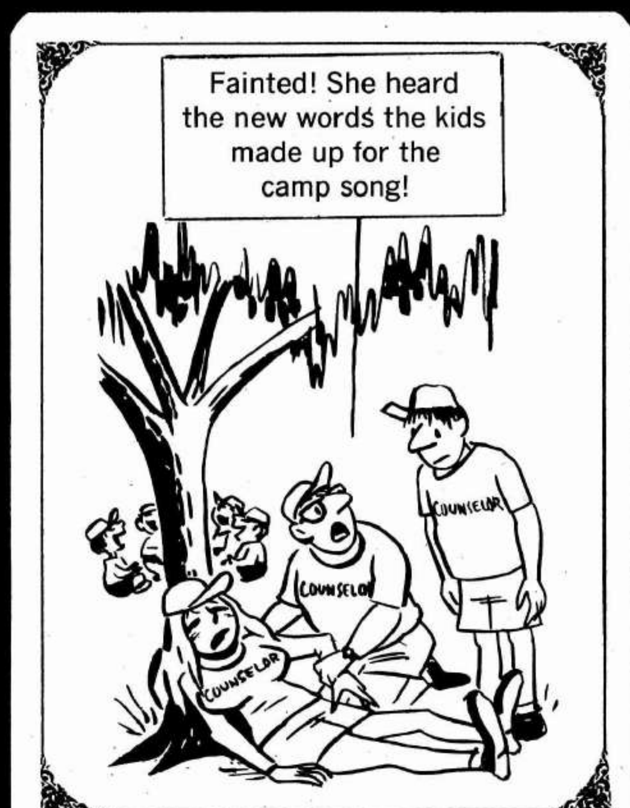
I object, your honor! The mayor, the governor and a Supreme Court Justice all saw Shifty rob the Last National Bank!
Gentlemen of the jury. Are you going to be swayed by such shady testimony from such untrustworthy sources? I ask the judge and jury to look deeper—look at Miss La Tour. And ask yourselves—have you ever seen a more honest-looking pair of legs in your life?
NOT GUILTY!
Well, Dudd, you've done it again!
HELP !!
Not yet, the jury's still out.
But they just came in!
Not them, you clod! The ones that count—the rating services!
TV

The Camper's Scrapbook

With summer almost upon us, visions of camp dance in the minds of parents the world over. They eagerly anticipate shipping the kids off to fresh country air and lots of healthful activities—and, thinking of this, the PARENTS' health immediately improves! The idea of having the little stinkers far away drops blood-pressures, eradicates headaches, and worry lines begin to vanish. But another group starts getting the shakes—those poor counselors!





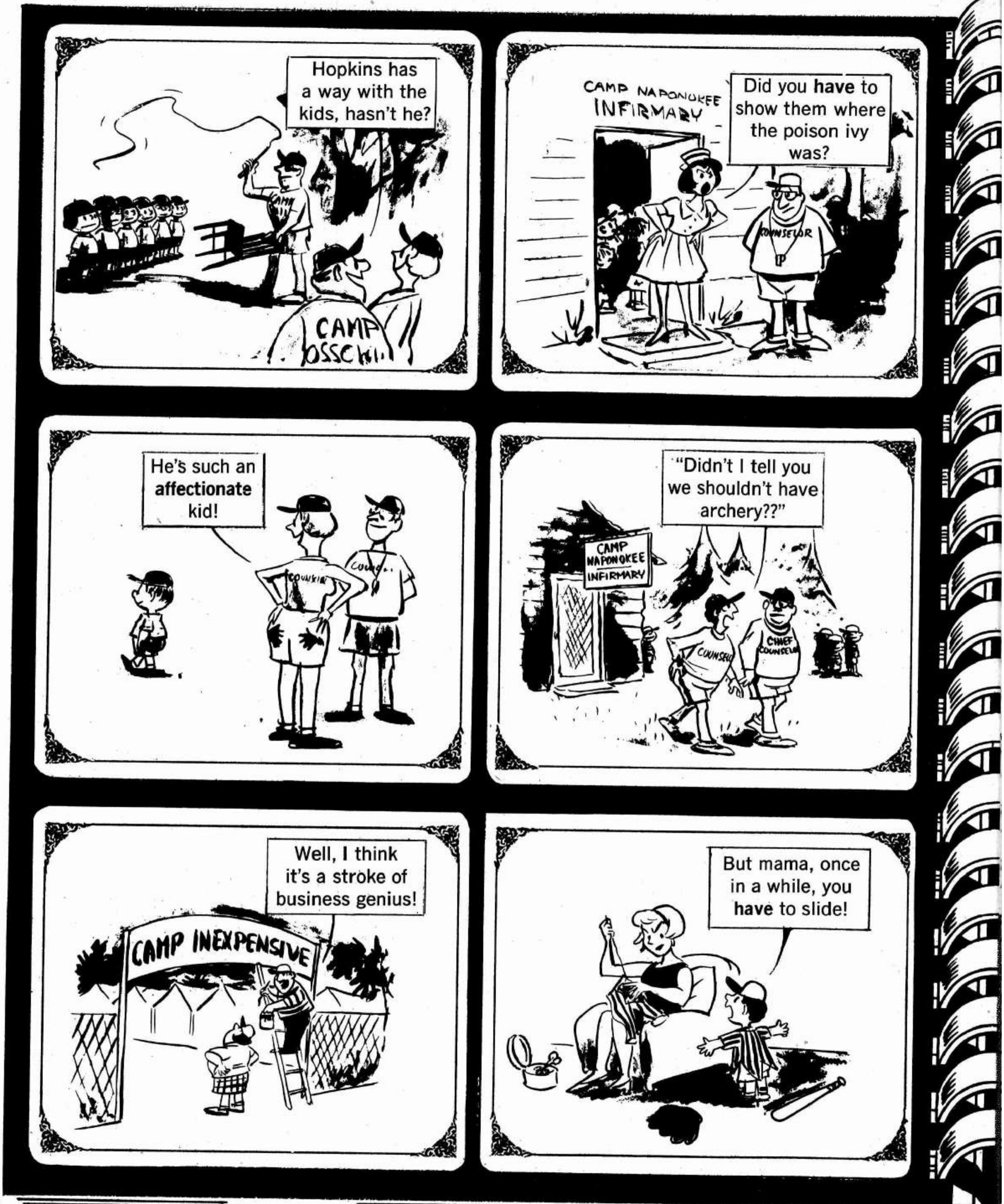


by B. Wiseman





BOYS
GIRLS
Didn't I tell you to go easy on the prunes?
You said we could play any game we wanted to, didn't you??
John! Something must be wrong! This is the second postcard this week!


Hopkins has a way with the kids, hasn't he?
CAMP NAPONOKEE INFIRMARY
Did you **have** to show them where the poison ivy was?
COUNSELOR
He's such an **affectionate** kid!
"Didn't I tell you we shouldn't have archery??"
CAMP NAPONOKEE INFIRMARY
COUNSELOR
CHIEF COUNSELOR
Well, I think it's a stroke of business genius!
CAMP INEXPENSIVE
But mama, once in a while, you **have** to slide!




What you gotta understand, Ronald, is the kids aren't mean, just high-spirited!
CAMP OFFICE
We overpower the counselors, see . . .
CAMP
A leak in the roof wet your bunk? . . . I don't see a leak in the roof!
Hello, Mrs. Greene? You didn't have to put name tags on his **money**, too!
CAMP OSSOWOSSAGEE
CAMP OSSOWOSSAGEE
Well, now I can go off tranquilizers!
CAMP NAPONOCKEE

All The News That Fits, We Print

FINAL EDITION

SICKNIFICANT

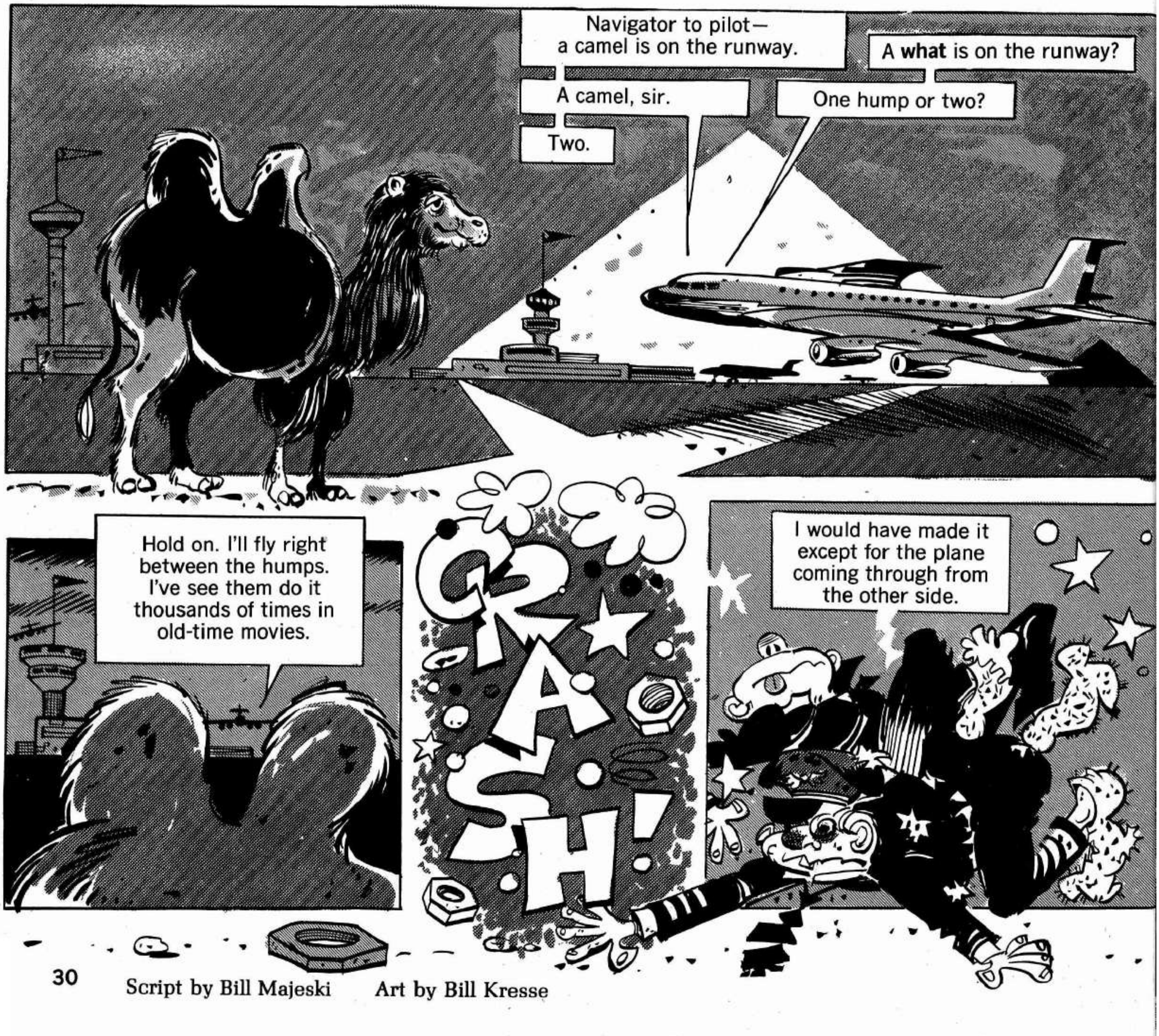
LESS CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER PAPER IN AMERICA

WEATHER
Yes

NEWS OF THE WEAK

NEWS ITEM:

Cairo, Egypt—Twenty-seven people were injured today when an airliner collided with a camel when it was taking off.



 Script by Bill Majeski Art by Bill Kresse

NEWS ITEM: Wigan, England—A woman who saw her husband driving off with another woman, jumped onto the hood of the car to prevent the marriage from dissolving. The wife clung to the front of the car as the husband and other woman tried to get her to jump off as they drove through town.



NEWS ITEM:

Los Angeles—Professional actresses are hired to portray people stricken with various illnesses so medical students at the University of Southern California will be able to recognize the symptoms of ailments and treat them accordingly.



A NATION OF CHILD WORSHIPERS

Recently a group of European sociologists visited America to study the so-called generation gap. They agreed that there is a gap and it's as big as the gap between Terry Thomas's teeth. Basically they blamed the parents for being too soft and yielding to their teen-agers, adding that America is becoming a nation of "child worshipers." We sent Sick's crack research reporter into one of America's most famous suburbs, Scarsdale, N.Y., to check out the scene.

Art by Al Bare




But you kids really have it easy because you're so wealthy, don't you?
Maybe, but we do good things for people. For instance, we send CARE packages to Yonkers.
Those poor devils down there.
Shut up, Mom.
Oh, we have nice things. It's not that we're affluent, it's just that we rich love artistic things. Things like my T-bird and color TV. They're artistic.
How about that solid gold sofa. That's artistic.
We love artistic things like plain old money.
That's right. We...
Shut up, Mom. Look, Mac, I work. I have a paper route. In fact, my father's carrying for me right now.
That's another thing. The parents are both out of the house a lot, more tnan other, less affluent people. Is that true?
Only if it's worthy and meaningful. I belong to a political party.
Which one?
I don't know, you'll have to ask my husband when he comes home. He's great at details.
What about all those social clubs? Scarsdale is the only place with more garden clubs than gardens.
That's one of the problems we're working on right now.
Cool it, Mom. That's a switch on the shut-up line I use.
Is it true that many people move to Scarsdale because of the school system?
Right, Mac. Biggest parking lots of any schools in the country.
By the way, why aren't you in school today?
They're closed. Sun's too bright. The glare off our T-Birds' hoods might damage the eyes. Don't want to hurt rich kids' eyes, you know. Don't risk that.


They say parents here aren't strict.
You're joshing. The other night I wanted a friend to stay overnight with me and my parents said no. It was NO! . . .
So I sent him home.
You think I liked walking home?
We believe in...
Shut up, Mom.
THE DAILY SCAR THE VOICE OF SCARSDALE
Did you get them all?
Thanks. Dad, here's a dime for a cigar.
Yes, son. Here's your money.
Here's your cigar.
At least I can see it seems like a masculine world, dominated by male attitudes and rulings.
That's very true.
Shut up, muscle-mouth...
Thank you, rich folks.

Knock-knock.
Who's there?
Spiro.
Spiro who?
You too?



Picture captions by
Fred Wolfe

Text by Paul Laikin

When Richard Nixon selected Spiro Agnew as his running mate, the country said: "Spiro Agnew? Sounds Greek to me." The vast majority of the American people had never heard of Spiro Agnew. It was rumored that he was on the FBI's list of the ten most UN-WANTED men. Getting him for Vice President was as exciting as winning Phyllis Diller on "Dating Game." All of which made him an ideal target for the nation's jokesters. Spiro Agnew became the new Court Jester. This is his book—

JOKE SWITCH OF THE MONTH: President Nixon recently took LSD but didn't go on the trip. Instead he sent Spiro Agnew!

Agnew has really made it big. Lindy's Restaurant just named a sandwich after him. Grauman's Chinese Theatre has asked him to put his footprint in their cement. And in the Catskill Mountains they recently had a Spiro Agnew Day where, in his honor, they closed the eyes of the whitefish.

There's been a lot of talk in Washington about Spiro Agnew's personality but insiders insist that there's nothing to it.

The Spiro Agnew

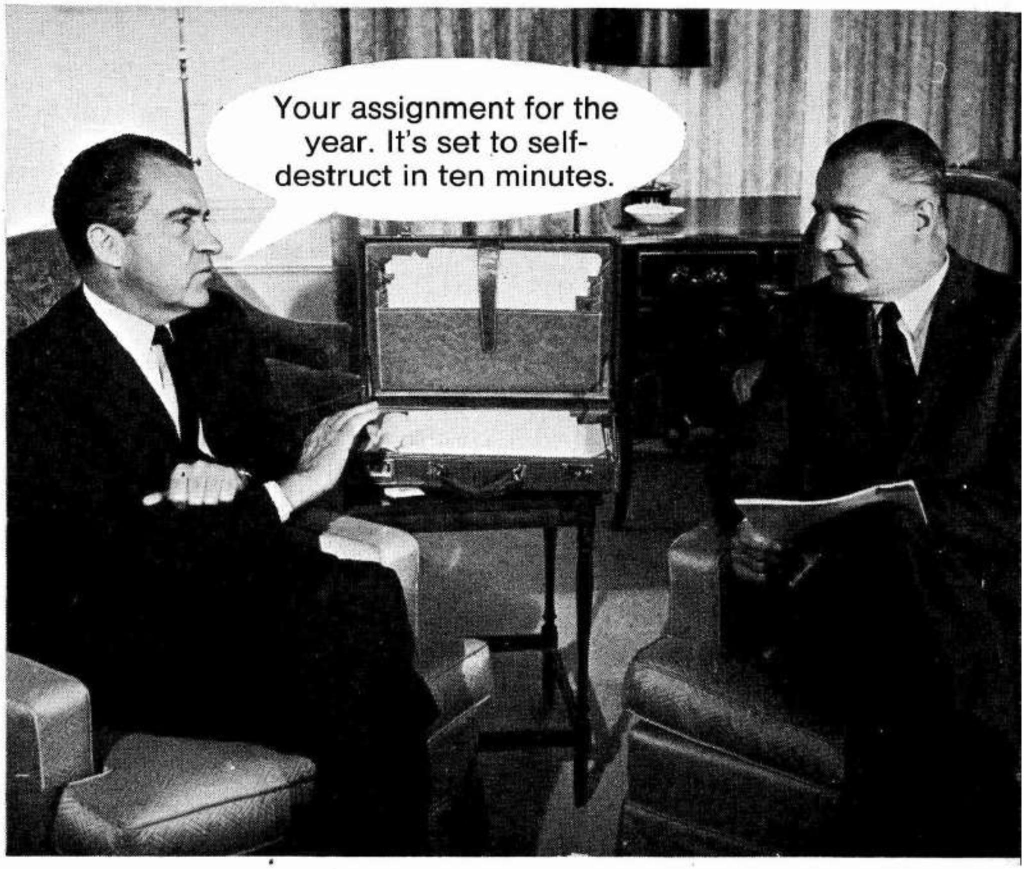
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: The real reason Nixon picked Agnew as his running mate is because, next to Agnew, Nixon looks like a winner.

It's unfortunate that Spiro Agnew happened to become our Vice President at this time. Just when he was becoming popular.

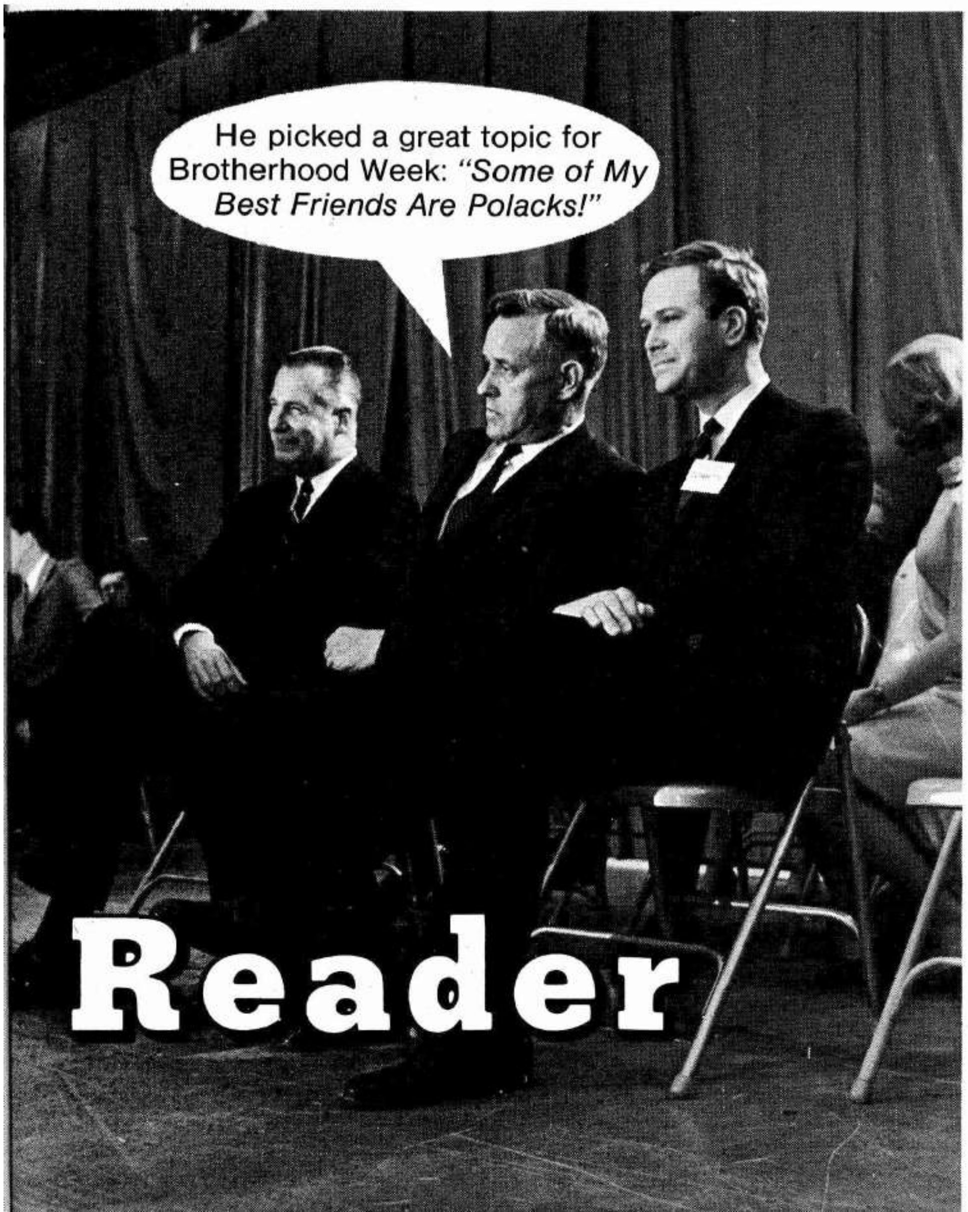
This just wasn't our year. Take the Greeks. We send them Jackie Kennedy, they send us Spiro Agnew!

"Why did I pick Spiro Agnew as my running mate?" asks Richard Nixon. And he answers the question, "That's what I'd like to know . . . why did I pick Spiro Agnew as my running mate!"

People shouldn't pick on Spiro Agnew. After all . . . he hasn't done anything!



Photos by U.P.I.



You wanna hear the truth about why Nixon picked Agnew? So that the people would laugh at Agnew instead of Nixon! Let's face it—heard any good Nixon jokes lately?

It's official! Parker Brothers has acquired the rights to Spiro Agnew's career and is putting it out as a game.

LATEST SICKIE JOKE: Nixon will never be assassinated. Not even a crackpot would want to see Agnew our President.

Spiro Agnew—sounds like something you order in a Chinese restaurant. And it gives you heartburn the rest of the night!

It's been said that Spiro Agnew looks like the man next door. That is, if you happen to live next to a Butcher Shop!

The only thing incongruous about Spiro Agnew are his initials . . . S.A. They're the same as Sex Appeal.

Have you noticed that Spiro Agnew's face has been on the cover of every national magazine except one? TRUE.

THEY SAY . . .

. . . that Spiro Agnew talks funny. But you would, too, with your foot in your mouth.

. . . that President Nixon finally found a place for Spiro Agnew—he gets twenty-five cents for every towel!

. . . that Nixon put a gun to a pilot's head and asked him to fly Spiro Agnew to Havana!

. . . that with all the bloopers Spiro Agnew has made, Nixon insists he make all his future speeches in Braille.

. . . that Spiro Agnew's election was a case of mistaken identity. When Nixon heard he was a Greek, he thought he was getting Aristotle Onassis!

. . . that Spiro Agnew is really Harold Stassen in disguise. This is because it's the only way he could get into national office.

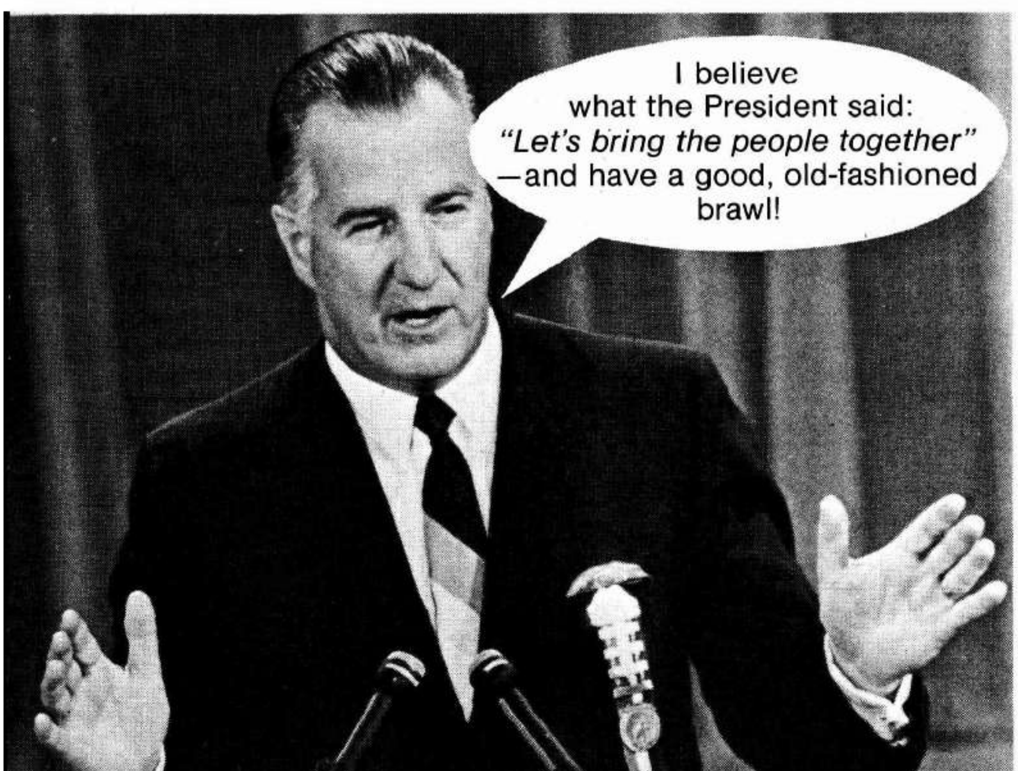
. . . that Agnew recently willed his body to Harvard Medical School and, are you ready for this—they rejected it!

. . . that Ed Sullivan just booked Agnew on his show as a stand-up comic. What he'll do is six minutes of his campaign speeches!



Since the new administration took office, everybody's busy. Lyndon Johnson is teaching in Texas. Hubert Humphrey is teaching in Minnesota. Spiro Agnew is learning in Washington.

Nixon looks like a used-car dealer. And Agnew looks like a guy who buys one from him.



THUMBNAIL DESCRIPTION OF AGNEW: He looks like a deadpan Hubert Humphrey.

QUOTES OF THE NEW V.P.:
"Spiro Agnew is O.K. in my book!"—Professor Kinsey.
"As I see it, Agnew is all heart!"—Christian Barnard.
"Spiro Agnew is Greek to me!"—Aristotle Onassis.
"Spiro Agnew is O.K. for my money!"—Anonymous Bowery Bum.

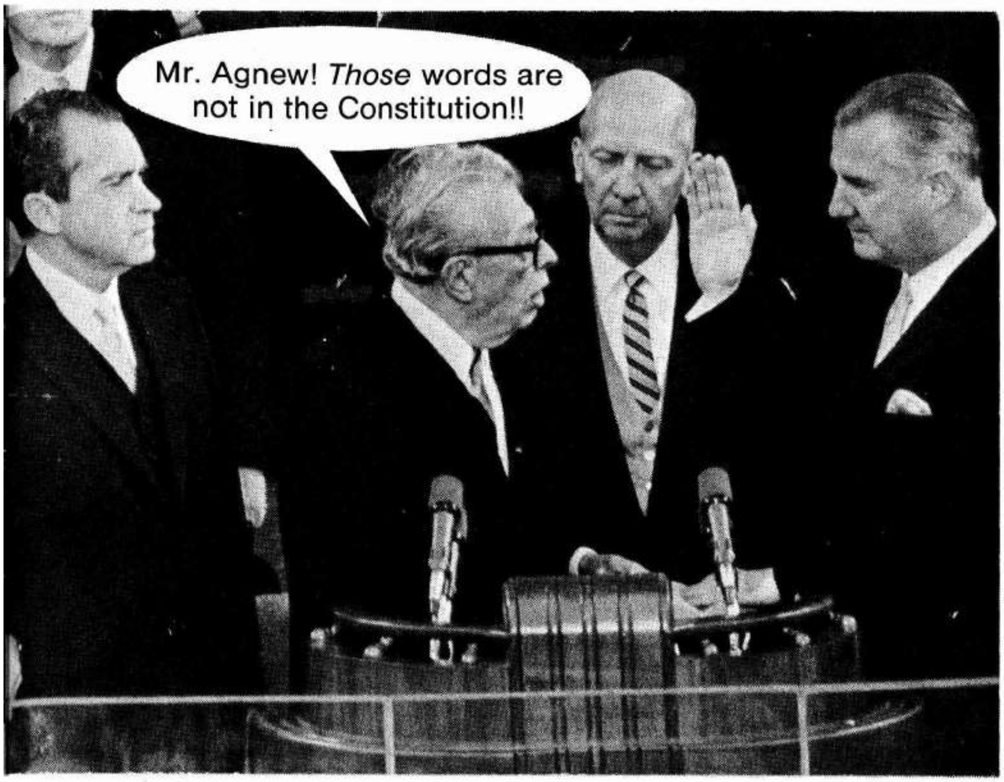
All kidding aside, there's a lot to be said about Spiro Agnew. Only it can't be printed here.

LEFTOVER CAMPAIGN BUTTON: *Vote For Nixon & What's His Name!*

ADD THUMBNAIL DESCRIPTIONS: *Agnew looks like a Polish joke.*

Nixon made Agnew his chief adviser on urban affairs and already Agnew has come up with a way to save our cities. He says we should move them to the country.

During a recent speech, Agnew gave credit where credit was due. In typically American fashion, he thanked the person who made it all possible. The person who really made him what he is today. Strom Thurmond.



When Nixon visits New York, he leaves Agnew in a "No Parking Zone," so the mayor will tow him away.

Agnew was disappointed when they elected him vice-president. He thought he would be in charge of all the vice!

Nixon stands right behind Agnew—especially on high cliffs!

They say Nixon prays every Sunday, but Agnew still won't go away.

Jokes aside, Spiro Agnew is destined to go down in history along with other great politicians of our time. Harold Stassen . . . William E. Miller . . . Senator Dodd . . .

You've got to hand it to Spiro Agnew though. In just a few short months he's risen from local obscurity to where he is today. National obscurity.

When asked to contribute to the campaign for Spiro Agnew, one fellow said: "Spiro Agnew? I thought they had already found a cure for that!"

Talk about being unwanted. We hear Nixon voted for Muskie!

Spiro Agnew—Nixon's Excedrin headache!

We wonder what President Nixon meant when he said: "Spiro Agnew's all right—but not on my block!"

How embarrassing. We hear Spiro Agnew got caught gate-crashing the Inaugural Ball.

Agnew isn't the only new political figure getting laughs these days. He's getting serious competition from another joker . . . Secretary Hinkle.

Speaking of the above, they're now calling Agnew the Poor Man's Hinkle!

No matter what they say, Spiro Agnew really has a good head on his shoulders. Richard Nixon's.

Somebody in Washington finally figured out who Spiro Agnew really is. Rosemary's baby!

All things aside, the whole country should get behind the policies of Nixon and Agnew. As soon as we know what they are, that is.

Think about this: It isn't *anybody* who can become Vice President of out country these days. Repeat: it isn't anybody!

All in all, Agnew is the kind of a man who has what it takes. Trouble is, nobody wants any!

The Greeks had a word for it. But the Americans have two words for it . . . Spiro Agnew. And you should'a heard it before we cleaned it up!





Wanted: Penpals from anywhere. Either sex, I'm not choosey. I'm 5' 3", love all Rock groups; dances, boys, cheese and Italian foods. No picture is required. Write to me at 8815 Trevillian Road, Richmond, Va. 23235. My name is Ginger Humphries.

Wanted, needed, and passionately desired: A feminilly. You may be one, so write and find out. One clue—most are girls 18-20 years old. If you have green eyes, you're a sure thing. I'm a Dolfee, but I think I'm the only one around, so you'd better grab me. You'll be crazy about me, so spend 6¢ and write me. Rich Hall, 190 Chili Ave., Rochester, N.Y. 14611.

There's only one trouble with those recent transplants of young hearts into old guys. The heart keeps making dates that the body can't keep!

Hi anybody! I'm looking for a bunch of great guys in the service who are willing to write a group of very crazy girls who love servicemen. We know there are servicemen in Viet-Nam, but are there any guys left in the good ole U.S.A.? We promise to answer everyone who writes. Karen Miller, 3210 University, St. Louis, Mo. 63107

Wanted—Every cute guy who reads Sick to write to a 15 year old girl. I have long brown hair with bangs, green eyes and long eyelashes. I'm 5'1" and braceless. I like photography, Beach Boys, Beatles, Four-Tops, penpals, dancing, art, and my favorite sports are baseball and surfing. I want to write to fifty-thousand different guys and I'll answer every letter. If possible, send a pix. Carole Jacobson: 5890 University: San Feugo, Cal. 92115

16 year old girl wants girls 16 and up to write and boys 14 and up to write from anywhere! Likes all religions and races. Speaks German and bits of French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Russian. Likes nearly all music. Luvs: UFOs, dogs, Civil War, boys with long brown hair (light mostly), red hair, Roman Catholics, and West Virginia. Despies: Johnson, Nixon, cauliflower, Brussel Sprouts, Okra, math, Daddy Longlegs, Elvis Presley, and getting out of bed. Will try to write back! Abbie Johns; 1020 Shipman La.; McLean, Va. 22101

Latest campus scoreboard: San Francisco College 68—Police, nothing!

Girl Penpals wanted (15 to 20) from anywhere in North America. I am 17 years old, brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'8" tall, 158 lbs., like all mod music and bands. I like dancing, bowling, roller skating and anything that's fun. Will answer all letters. Please send photo. Write to Robert Anderson, 272 W. 8th, Peru, Indiana 46970

Girl wanted. Any kind. Would like to know good-looking girls anywhere (if they are there). My record stands at 5'10", 170 lbs., sharp trooper, good looking (no brag, just fact). I am interested in everything. So you sharp looking dolls who dig lonely serviceman start putting the pencil to paper and cheer me up. AMN Hazelton Norris AF 11658019 SQ 52: B-5967 CMR #2; Sheppard AFB Texas 76311

The height of bad luck—When your false teeth start having cavities.

Wanted: Male penpals from the ages of 13 to 15. I am a 13 year old female with dark brown hair and amber eyes. I like football, basketball, nature, animals, (especially horses and dogs), swimming, dancing, and boys. I dislike loud parties, gossiping people, and phonies. Please send pictures. All letters will be answered. Write Mickie Foti, 422 Lessard St., Donaldsonville, La. 70346

Wanted: Penpals and gifts for a little 5'4" brunette "Little Egypt." She'll be celebrating her 17th birthday on Sept. 16. All you disc jockey fans send your cards and gifts (especially males). All cards and gifts will receive an answer. She loves surfers, drummers, dancing, and being on radio and T.V., and having her name in Sick magazine. Write to: "Little Egypt;" Route #1, Box 446, Asheville, North Carolina. 28804. If you live close call (704) 254-9055

Girls wanted: from 11-13. I'm a 13 year old male with a mixture of brown hair and green eyes. I love girls—Well I can't think of anything but girls. Please write Ronnie Adams: Rt. 1; Starr, South Carolina 29684

Pen pal wanted, any sex, it does not matter. Only male or female—nothing else. I am 16, and 6'2", brown hair. I love girls, am very handsome, very rich, very sexy, and I lie a lot. Will answer all letters expertly. Nick Hoffenkamp, 7700 So. County Line Rd., Hinsdale, Illinois 60521

Did you hear the sad tale of the couple who won a free trip to Mexico on a quiz show, then spent the next ten years trying to win a trip back!

Wanted: Girls between ages 16-17. I am 2-1/2" tall and weigh 150 lbs. I have reddish blond, blackish brown hair. One green eye and one blue. I am colorblind. Must be able to write in black ink in Hebrew, Tonquinese, Lettish, Angolese, Pegu, Illyrian, Syriac, Chaldee, Copic Bimbarra, Frisian, Gaelic, or Lappish. Take your pick! Write soon, girls, I'm lonely. Write to Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch Lepodotemachoselachogal. (Please spell it right, I'm serious.) Rte. 1, Box 25, Houma, Louisiana 70360

In Las Vegas a guy pulled the handle on a fire alarm box and got three cherries and one lemon.

I am a totally disgusting person who is absolutely un-cool, un-groovy, dull, boring and I occasionally suffer from malignent B.O. and Halitosis. I would be absolutely thrilled for all you people around the world to not write to me and be my un-pen pal. But, if anyone does write, you will probably receive in return the most drab, un-imaginative reply you could ever get. No pictures, please. Larry Keller, Rt. 1, Box 474-K, Chico, California

They recently brought a group of hippies to court. It seems the policeman caught several of the "flower people" actually pollinating in the streets.

Wanted: 13 year old boy for pen pal. He must be from the U.S., England, or Sweden. I am 6' tall, 13 years old, have brown hair, blue eyes. I like the Beatles, Strawberry Alarm Clock, Tiny Tim, U.F.O.s, basketball, football, and baseball, chess, swimming, minature golf, ping-pong, and girls. I have plenty of girl pen pals but no boys. I hate: dried fish, a rival town called Alta, and opera. My ambition in life is to go into politics and become President of the U.S. and straighten out this country. You must, repeat, must send your picture for a reply. Write to: Allan Hallquist: R.R. 2; Aurelia, Iowa 51005

"TV is Beneath Me."...



This month our resident Sickartist vents his ire on the television industry. *"The only thing worse than TV shows are TV dinners,"* he insists. *"My TV set's been on the blink for five years and my wife still serves TV dinners."*

On this point, humorist Art Paul an associate of Mr. Rodrigues, notes that there's a new item at the grocer's—COLOR TV dinners—after you eat it you see red and then turn green. There is also a product in conjunction with TV dinners—AFTER TV dinners. Contains bicarbonate of soda.

Here is—

rodrigues On Television



"I thought you said that new Assistant Director had previous experience!"



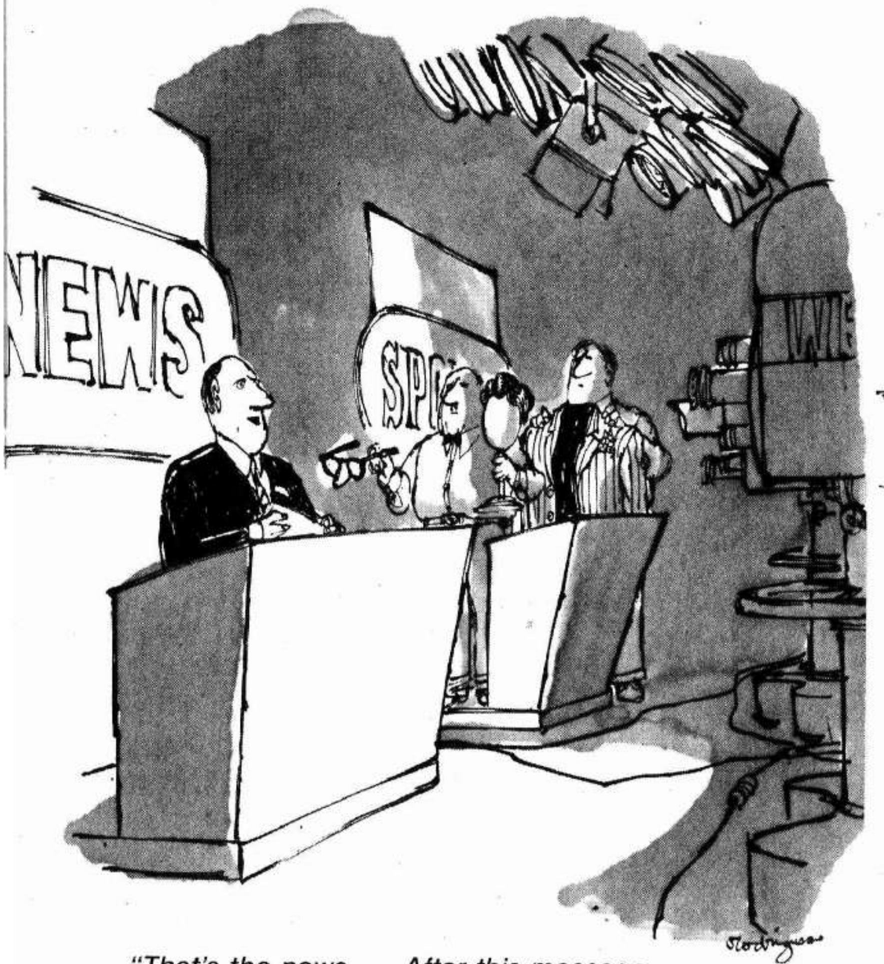
"I wonder if I might borrow $38 for a new picture tube . . ."



"The fight went only 35 seconds so they were stuck with all those commercials."



"I want to report a viewing Tom . . ."



"That's the news . . . After this message, over to Cliff Whelan for sports . . ."

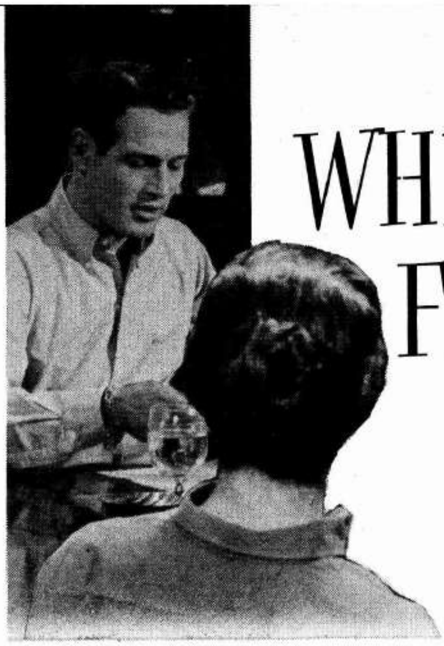


"What do you mean, 'Huntley, si! Brinkley, no!"



"Do you realize how long you've been sitting there watching that double-header?"





WHEN JOAN WOODWARD FOUND HER HUSBAND WITH ANOTHER WOMAN!



"It wasn't the first time. Once before, our friends had discussed the matter with Paul, showed him how much he needed me!"

When I think of all the love I gave that man I could scream. I gave him everything a woman could give a husband—and then some. And here I come home one night and find him there with another woman. It was more than I could stand. I was filled with a terrible panic and horror. Let's face it, what wife wouldn't feel this way in such a situation? Especially with a woman like that! And it had happened before. That time, our friends had patched things up.

I couldn't understand it, I tell you. Just the night before he told me how much he loved me. Told me that there could never be another woman for him. Oh, to think how I believed him!

What happened was, I had to go out-of-town on an overnight trip. I finished earlier than I thought and so I came home unexpectedly, hoping to surprise him. O gullible me!

I opened the front door quietly and tip-toed inside. Hearing voices in the living room, I thought that it was he watching television. I was never so wrong about anything in all my life. I walked in and lo and behold—there was Paul sitting on the couch with another woman!

And *what* a woman! When I saw her I just sat down and cried. *It was his mother, coming to visit for a few days!*

Lee Remick Confesses:

THE WHOLE WORLD KNEW ABOUT OUR AFFAIR!

This was the biggest affair of my life and, believe me, I've had plenty. This was truly beautiful. Like a dream. Out of sight. The most wonderful affair anybody could have!

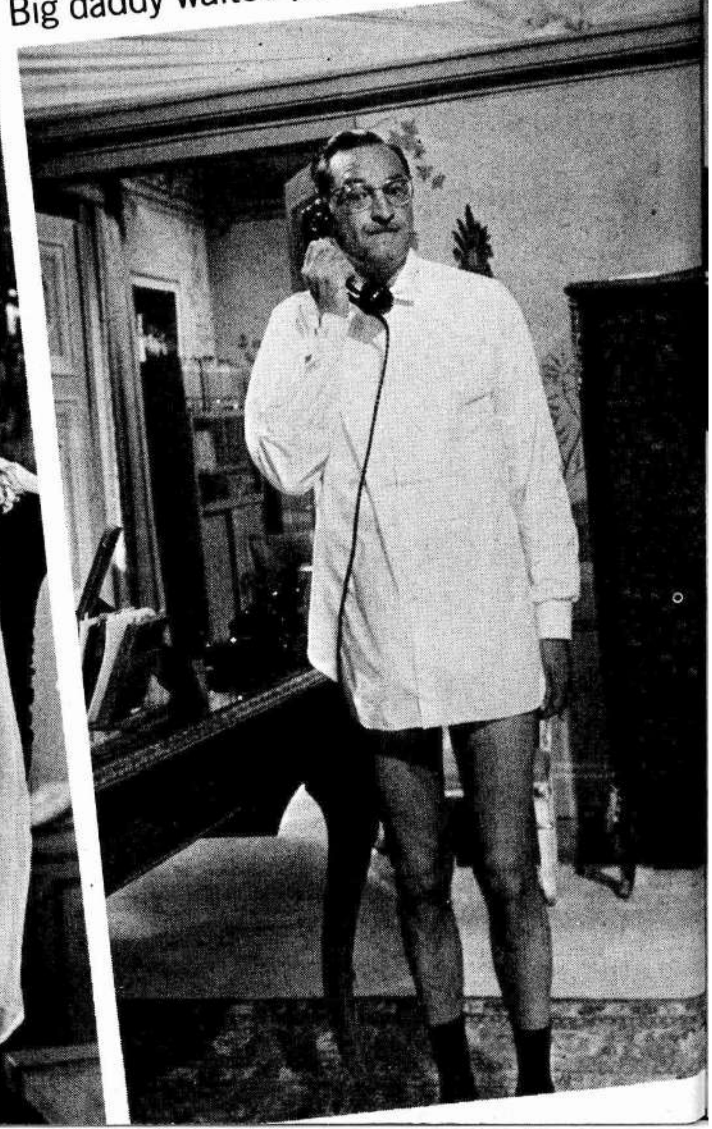
So you see why I didn't want anything to spoil it, and why I tried so desperately to keep it a secret. Only the two of us knew about it, and we tried to keep it that way. We didn't even tell our closest friends, let alone our families. Everything was strictly hush-hush. Or so we thought.

Somehow, somewhere, word leaked out. Somebody, somewhere got wise and soon everybody was talking about it. The news spread like wildfire. It wasn't long before it was all over two continents. It seems that everybody in the whole wide world knew about our affair.

But actually, by that time we didn't care. The affair was out in the open now and it was just as well. After all, it was a catered *affair* we planned as a surprise for my father's birthday party. And that's when they found out!



We couldn't hide our secret, it was bigger than both of us . . .



Big daddy waited patiently for his gift!

HOLLYWOOD HORSEPLAY

Who's Making It With Whom—And Vice-Versa

by
Louella Hopper
(America's Most Beloved Big Mouth)

It's official! MARIA CALLAS has just announced that she's through with ARISTOTLE ONASSIS because of his marriage to JACKIE KENNEDY some time ago . . . PRESIDENT NIXON officially invited EARTHA KITT back to the White House again. As a maid . . . OMAR SHARIFF, who reportedly has an affair with each of his leading ladies, has refused to do a new movie with LASSIE . . . Incidentally, there is no truth to the rumor that LASSIE recently underwent an operation in Denmark and came back a cat . . . SUDDEN HORRIFYING THOUGHT: How can you be sure the guy operating on you isn't really GEORGE PLIMPTON (The Great Impersonater)?

IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN: A man with a gun jumped on the FLYING NUN and hijacked her to Cuba . . . ROCKY GRAZIANO all set to play the title role in the PAUL NEWMAN STORY . . . ROY ROGERS' horse TRIGGER just made a pile on Wall Street . . . AUDREY HEPBURN has purchased ANITA EKBERG's old bra and plans to make a housecoat for herself . . . ALLEN GINSBERG was declared the winner of the new PHYLLIS DILLER Look-Alike Contest . . . And PHYLLIS DILLER herself just won the EVERETT DIRKSEN Look-Alike Contest . . . Whatever happened to JOHN LENNON???

Movies today have really gotten out of hand, what with all the people making love right before your eyes. And this isn't on the screen. This is in the balcony! . . . LEE BOUVIER's ex-acting teacher around town, desperately seeking work . . . KATE SMITH willed her body to Harvard Medical School and they rejected it . . . Fans urging BRIGITTE BARDOT to give it all up and throw in the towel . . . SIDNEY POITIER wants to play the title role in the LYNDON JOHNSON Story . . . Speaking of Sidney, he did a marvelous job in his latest movie--playing the part of a Negro!!

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN warning everybody not to call her Mama Mia . . . SONIA HENIE, the former ice-skating champ, almost went crazy recently trying to make a figure-eight the hard way. Two fours . . . SOL HUROK just signed CZECHOSLOVAKIA for a TV Special. The whole country will do 90 minutes on ABC-TV . . . And Speaking of ABC-TV, they're being urged to do the Vietnam War as a TV series. This is so it is sure to be canceled after 13 weeks . . . HOT RUMOR OF THE MONTH: Elvis Presley's sideburns used to be YUL BRYNNER's hair!!!

THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR will get together and hit one long high note and attempt to break a wine cellar . . . ANN-MARGARET looking around for a last name. And BRADFORD DILLMAN is looking around for a first one . . . DEAN MARTIN reportedly gave up drinking after seeing a pink elephant. Only it turned out to be a sunburned JACKIE GLEASON . . . With the success of nude plays like HAIR, new theatrical experiments are being shown. One new play is so avant-garde, the actors are fully clothed. However, the audience sits there naked! . . . Aside to SAMMY DAVIS, Jr.: Funny, you don't look Jewish!!

CONTEST WIN A FREE TRIP

(on LSD)



GUESS HOW MANY LITTLE KIDS SAW THIS MOVIE

Yes, simply take a wild guess. One? Twenty? A hundred? Two Thousand Six Hundred and Twenty Seven? Just pick a number. Then mail it in together with 144 covers of this magazine. Do it before New Years Day as that's the date we file bankruptcy proceedings.

OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES INCLUDE:

- 3 hairs from Dana Andrews' nose
- A date with Rory Calhoun's brother (even if you're a boy)
- A gallon jar of Al Hirt's belly-button lint
- A record album cover of John Lennon fully-clothed
- Two tickets to a pornographic movie
- 150 bags of buttered popcorn
- 1/2 bag of un-buttered popcorn
- A lifetime pass to a fly-by-night theatre
- Virginia Mayo's unlisted telephone number
- Phyllis Diller's listed telephone number
- $2 in cash

DECISION OF THE JUDGES IS FINAL
(subject to graft)

ALL ENTRIES BECOME THE PROPERTY OF
THE FINANCE COMPANY
(who are attaching our receipts)



THE TIME BARBRA STREISAND GOT UNDRESSED IN PUBLIC!



TAKES OFF ALL HER CLOTHES AS CROWD GETS HOT!

It was really something to see! First the coat came off. Then the hat. Then the sweater and scarf. From there it was just a few simple jerks before the blouse opened and the skirt plopped down. And there stood Barbra—wiggling in her slip before the mob that had gathered there.

The question was—would she take off the rest of her clothes? And the answer came faster than you can say Spiro Agnew. With one quick flick of the shoulder bone she managed to loosen the strap of her slip. It was fantastic. You could see the people sweating all around her. In a matter of seconds the undergarments fell and, standing there stark naked, she acknowledged the gaping multitude of flesh-crazed spectators.



This was nothing. As she started to move around the place really warmed up. *You could look everywhere and actually feel the heat oozing all over everybody. It was the hottest scene of recent memory. And no wonder it was. This was taking place in a Turkish Bath for women!*

MEN AND WOMEN CAVORTING EVERYWHERE . . .
IT WAS AN ORGY OF DRUNKEN SENSUALITY!

When Sammy Davis Jr. Went to THAT WILD, WILD PARTY!

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!



Man, it was really something! Even by Hollywood standards this scene was pretty wild. Grownup men and women were cavorting like crazy all over the place. Gin-crazed swingers were doing things here they wouldn't dream of doing at any other time, at any other place. Mixed-up couples were carrying on in a hectic sensual frenzy that outdid anything the old Romans ever conjured up.

Everywhere you looked there were drunken grotesque bodies locked in all sorts of strange embraces. The shouting, the turmoil, the ecstatic intermingling of the sexes filled the air with an eerie kind of decadence.

And there, right in the middle of it all, was Sammy Davis, Jr., himself caught up in the infectious degeneracy that permeated the room. It was a scene right out of DeSade. Strangers in the night mauling and clawing each other in the intoxicated dimly-lit atmosphere of pagan ritual. Shrieking, panting, grasping individuals, clinging to the moment—making every minute count—as if time could stand still.

Yes, this was really a wild scene. And it should be. After all, it was New Year's Eve at the Statler-Hilton!

Who's Stepping Out With Who

...AND ALL THAT DIRT!



GEORGE HAMILTON recently announced his engagement to **TRICIA NIXON.** This comes shortly after breaking up with Humphrey's daughter.



TINY TIM and **JOAN BAEZ** putting a stop to the rumors that they're really one and the same person, by showing up together.



MIA FARROW and her escort, a Frogman in the U.S. Navy, have since broken off. Seems whenever she kissed him she got warts.



JACKIE SUSANN may marry **GEORGE KENNEDY,** just so she can go around calling herself **JACKIE KENNEDY.**



YUL BRYNNER and his date are seen, shortly before the accident Yul had walking thru a bowling alley.



WOODY ALLEN and **KATE SMITH** don't care who knows it, as they date together for the premiere of **THE ODD COUPLE.**

Script by Paul Laikin

MOVIE and TV RUMOR



In This Issue:

COVER STORY: Richard picked up the phone, dialed a familiar number, "Hello, Eddie," he began, "I'll tell you why I called . . ."

LEE REMICK'S WILD NEW AFFAIR! 11
(a charity dinner for animal-life preservation)

THE GIRL STEVE McQUEEN NEVER TALKS ABOUT! 14
(the maid he fired three weeks ago)

HOW ROCK HUDSON MUSCLED HIS WAY INTO THE MOBS! 26
(of a crowded downtown bus)

DICK VAN DYKE PRACTICALLY LIVES IN GIN MILLS! 29
(it's his favorite card game since poker)

DEBORAH KERR'S FAMOUS NUDE PICTURE! 34
(the one she has of the Marilyn Monroe Calendar)

THOSE PILLS THAT OSKAR WERNER TAKES! 36
(Carter's Little Liver Pills for bile juice flow)

EXCLUSIVE! MAMIE VAN DOREN WEARS FALSIES! 42
(falsie eyelashes)

HENRY FONDA AND THOSE DRINKING BOUTS! 59
(he just can't lay off Koolaid)

THE SMEAR TACTICS MICHAEL CAINE USES! 68
(painting his house every summer)

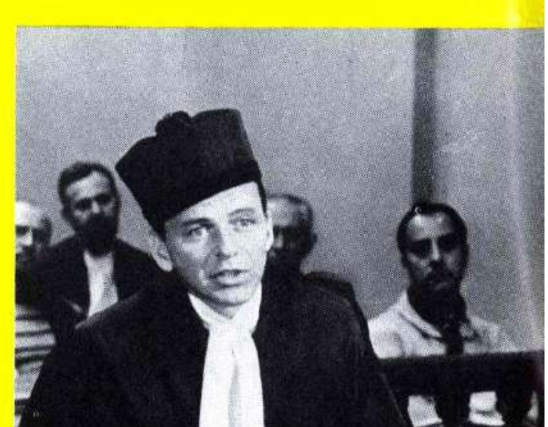
EVA MARIE SAINT AND HER 'PLAYBOY'! 73
(it's one of her favorite magazines)

THE NEIGHBORS ARE WHISPERING ABOUT PETER FONDA! 77
(he lives next door to a library)

EXCLUSIVE: JACKIE GLEASON LOSES 100 POUNDS! 81
(on a London dice table)

GEORGIE JESSEL AND THAT TEENAGE BLONDE! 86
(his daughter from a previous marriage)

EARTHA KITT AND THE MADAM OF THAT HOUSE! 93
(her run-in with Ladybird)



FRANK SINATRA IS THROUGH WITH CHICKS!
(just doesn't like poultry anymore)

THE LOVE-IN AT ANDY WILLIAMS' HOUSE!
(Christmas when the family reunited)

Fan magazines today have really gone too far in promoting sex and violence, judging from the blurbs on their covers. But if you read further, you'll find that it's just a come-on. The whole thing is phony. Mainly, the story has nothing to do with the headline! In fact, the stories are pretty trite and stupid—just like the ones in our version of...

MOVIE and TV RUMOR
FAN MAGAZINE

WARREN BEATTY AND HIS FIGHT AGAINST DRUGS!
(he's allergic to aspirin)

EXCLUSIVE!

LIZ and RICHARD are BREAKING UP!
(they're so happy they're laughing at everything)



HOW OMAR SHARIFF TOOK THE COLD TURKEY TREATMENT!
(on rye with a slice of pickle)

WHAT DUSTIN HOFFMAN COULDN'T CONFESS UNTIL NOW!
(that he's a big star today, that's what!)

THE GIRL ELVIS PRESLEY DRAGGED BEHIND A HANDBALL COURT!
(he beat her 21 to 7)

APRIL FOOL!
This is a SICK Magazine parody